Alpha

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Alpha

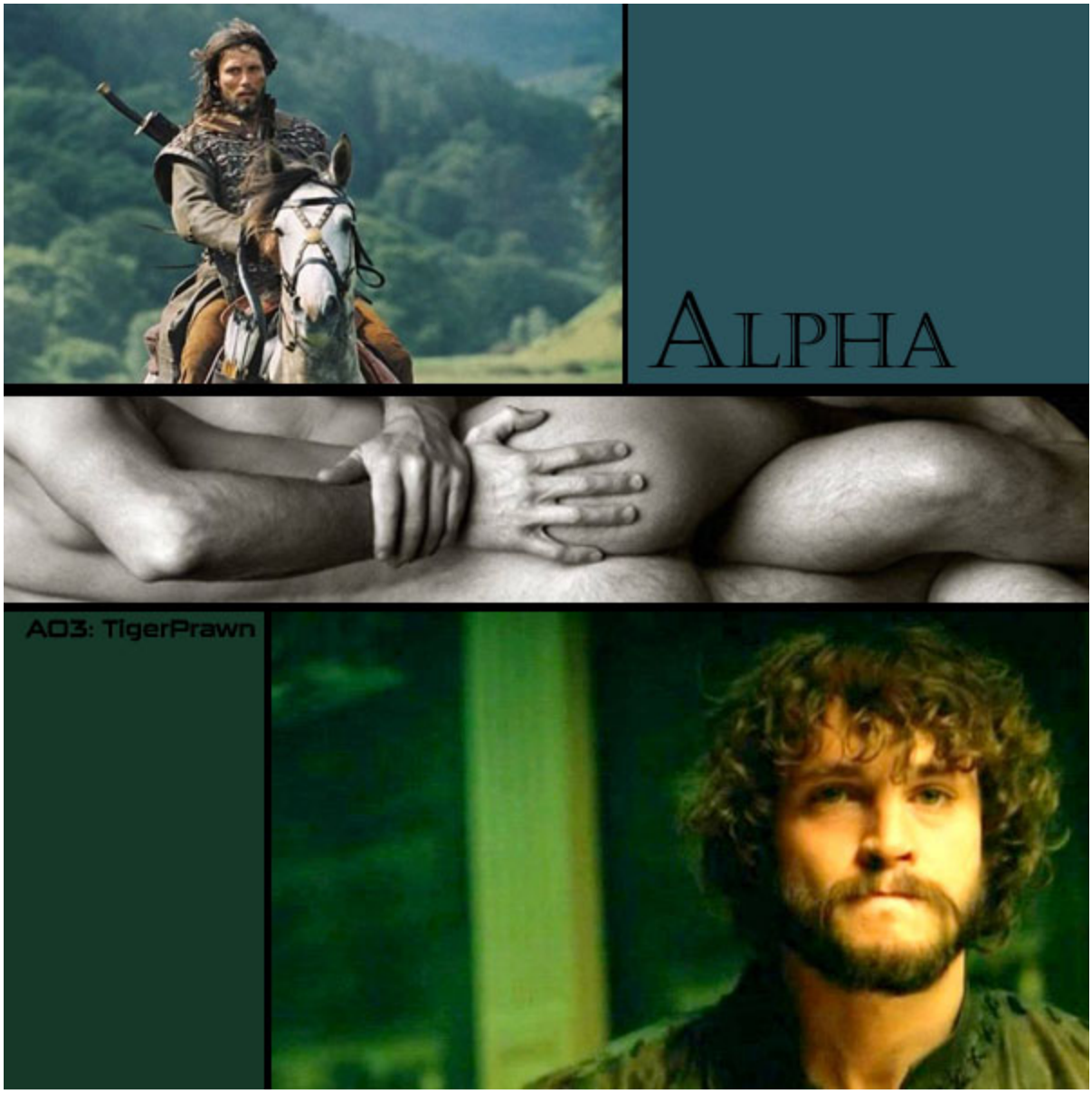
by TigerPrawn

Summary

Tristan and Galahad are the only two betas amongst the Sarmatian Knights. Initially it gives them a connection, but over the years things change.

Notes

For the RareMeat #Tristhad Week



It was all he ever called him.

“Pup.”

Whether growled in irritation or spoken softly. Mostly growled.

He was always Pup.

When he was younger Galahad thought it was kind of nice. Tristan and he were the only two betas amongst the Sarmatian knights so it had felt like a sort of camaraderie between them. With Tristan almost ten years his senior, and one of the more experienced members of Arthur’s men, it felt good to be acknowledged in anyway by the superior knight when many others went ignored.

But that had been fifteen years ago. And Galahad, as far as he was concerned, was no pup. If anything it was starting to feel like an insult.

It somehow managed to be both infantalising and a dig at how delicate he was often perceived to be, how omega like. Something the Roman soldiers, every one of them an alpha, often teased in passing, which didn't bother Galahad in the least. But coming from a fellow beta who could easily pass as an alpha unless someone scented him closely, it felt like a taunt.

Galahad maintained that was the reason that they had grown apart over the years. Tristan's greetings turned into just grunts of acknowledgement, and Galahad tended to avoid him off the battlefield or training. Tristan clearly still saw him as a child, and each and every time he had chance to call him Pup, that was all the more clear -

"You're dropping your arm, Pup."

"That'll get you killed, Pup."

"You should make that your last flagon, Pup."

Each criticism turned to acid in Galahad's belly. Not that he cared. Why should he care that what once felt like a connection had been nothing more than an older knight doing his job in mentoring a younger one?

Most days Galahad managed to avoid him in barracks, despite their rooms being in the same section. But when they had all just come back from battle and their blood was running high, the whole company including the Romans ended up in the bar.

Despite how busy it was, Galahad could see the beta at a far table, drinking alone and munching on an apple. When he was younger Galahad dreamed of the days when they might drink in the bar together. But he had been barely able to hold his cups back then and would have been asleep on the table after one. And now that he was older and able, he didn't want that company. Not if Tristan was always going to look down on him. Always see him as a pup.

Galahad pushed the thoughts aside and downed the remnants in his cup.

"Another?" One of the Romans asked him. Galahad hadn't realised the alpha had been stood there. But now he leered drunkenly at Galahad and motioned towards his cup.

"Sure," Galahad grinned and hiccuped.

He always enjoyed flirting with the Romans. There was something they liked about him. Perhaps the fact that there were so few omegas around and he was much smaller and seemingly more delicate than the alphas and the few other betas around the place. He knew Arthur must have had words in the past, because they never tried to bed him, not seriously, but they clearly enjoyed his attentions when they flirted with him.

Perhaps it was the heat of battle still on him, or perhaps the scowl that Tristan was giving him, likely once more thinking that Galahad was too young to handle himself. But Galahad

couldn’t help but stand and lean in towards the Roman.

The alpha grinned at him, slipping a hand around his waist and holding Galahad close.

“You’re the prettiest for miles you know,” the Roman slurred his words a fraction. “I know you’re pure, but I’d sleep better with a little kiss.”

Galahad chuckled and pulled back a little as the Roman lurched forward slightly. Enough that Galahad could smell the alcohol on his breath. It was so tempting to let this happen, to let the alpha’s lips claim his own. He was attractive enough and although Galahad had been grateful when he was younger that none of them had made advances, he didn’t want to remain a virgin forever. Or worse yet, die a virgin on the battlefield - run through with a blade perhaps. An unsavory penetration.

Galahad was still warring with himself as he held the alpha back a little, until suddenly he felt a presence behind him. Someone was standing so close that he was pretty much sandwiched between the two men.

“You’re no omega, Pup,” Tristan’s familiar voice growled against his ear as a reprimand and Galahad grit his teeth. He hated when Tristan got close to him like this. It had happened many times over the years, even in rooms that weren’t that busy. If Galahad didn’t know how much Tristan looked down on him, he’d think the man was trying to win his favour in some way. Or find a good place to stick a knife.

He turned sharply to glare at Tristan, the result being that their legs all tangled and he fell back and was caught in the alpha’s arms, which then wrapped around him.

“You could be my omega…” The Roman chuckled drunkenly against Galahad’s ear as he and Tristan glared at each other.

“You should go to bed. Alone.” Tristan growled, “Training is early tomorrow.”

Galahad continued to glare and whilst he didn’t want to do as Tristan said, he was growing increasingly uncomfortable held against the alpha.

Tristan leaned forward and spoke quietly into his ear, what he was sure Tristan thought was friendly advice to a young fool, “Go to bed, Pup. You don’t want this second rate soldier to make you his bitch.”

Galahad shook with anger at the words, as though he were too young and naive. Part of him wanted to kiss the alpha there and then, or drag him off to his chambers to spite Tristan. But that was a small part of him, being pushed down by the fact that he grew ever more uncomfortable with the situation.

In the end Galahad pushed off from the alpha and stalked from the bar, not giving either of them a second glance.

*

A few long weeks had past with Galahad managing to almost entirely avoid Tristan and his arrogant coddling. But it had come at the price of his own enjoyment. They had not been at battle other than a few skirmishes with the woads, so he had thrown himself into training. And when the others were off drinking or visiting the baths, he went to the stables and worked his horse.

He had heard mutterings amongst the men that Tristan often retired early now, and wondered if he might risk going for a drink now and then. But in truth working so hard exhausted him to the point where he would fall asleep as soon as he fell into bed, instead of laying awake feeling angry about the way Tristan treated him, as had otherwise become the norm.

It was quiet as Galahad walked down the corridor towards his chambers. It was late enough that he was looking forward to his bed and not thinking of much else when he was sure he heard a sound. A thumping, for just a moment.

And then a muffled voice, he was sure, said "Galahad." He stopped in his tracks and tried to work out which room the sound had come from, but everything went quiet again. It was only as he started to walk on that he heard more muffled sounds, grunting and groaning.

Galahad paused outside the door the sound was coming from, wondering for a moment if he was hearing things as it had stopped again. But then -

"Unfff alpha…"

Galahad jarred, realising that it was Tristan's gruff voice. Maybe the beta had an alphan lover?

Galahad swallowed and felt his face heat at the thought of Tristan having a lover. Not that it was any of his business. It was just so galling after what Tristan had said about Galahad not being a Roman's bitch. Clearly it was okay for Tristan, but Galahad was too young and inexperienced to know his own mind on such matters.

Galahad knew he should go, he shouldn't be stood outside the man's door eavesdropping on his lovemaking.

The thought, for some reason, drew an anguished sound from Galahad's throat, which he hoped no one had heard. He stilled completely, realising that the sounds within had come to an abrupt halt and that Tristan and his lover must have heard him.

Galahad felt sick to the pit of his stomach, practically frozen in place as he heard a noise within and then the unmistakable sound of footsteps coming towards the door.

If he ran now he wouldn't make it back to his own chambers, or even one of the common areas, before Tristan opened the door and glimpsed his retreating back. There was nothing else he could do but act as though he had heard nothing at all.

He cleared his throat and started to stroll away, innocently, as the door opened.

"Galahad?" Tristan's tone was hard to read, his voice low and rumbling with arousal.

“Oh, hello.” Galahad offered as he turned to look at the man, “I was just on my way to bed, did you need something?”

Galahad tried not to look at Tristan’s body. It wasn’t like he hadn’t seen all of his brothers at arms in various states of undress in the past. But this was different. Tristan had a rough wool blanket held around his waist, his hair even more in disarray than usual and his body glistening with sweat.

Tristan hopefully didn’t notice Galahad’s gaze as he was looking up and down the corridor to see if there were any other passersby.

“I heard a noise,” Tristan huffed as he looked back to Galahad.

“I didn’t hear anything,” Galahad replied a little too quickly, hoping he sounded convincing.

Tristan gave him a hard stare that, had it lasted any longer, would have forced the truth from Galahad. As it was he turned away again, looking back into his room, thoughtfully.

At his lover no doubt.

Galahad tried not to clench his jaw at the thought.

“I should go.” Galahad muttered, hurrying away before he said something that would only make things even worse.

*

Two weeks of avoidance and askance glances later, long after sundown, Galahad returned from working his horse at the stables. He’d been working himself ragged to avoid Tristan as much as possible. The only times he didn’t immediately sleep the moment he reached his bed, was those nights where he felt all the more worked up by something that had been said or done that day. It seemed the only way to relieve the stress and tension of that was to masturbate, and even then he often remained frustrated.

He was more than ready for bed, not sure he’d even be able to take himself in hand, but his tiredness seemed to evaporate as he walked past Tristan’s room and was once more stalled by the sounds within.

“Alpha…” A longer, louder groan that he’d heard before, made Galahad want to rip the door off its hinges and confront them. How dare Tristan allow an alpha to touch him when he denied Galahad the same thing? He could easily just go to the bar and pick up one of the Romans!

Galahad tried to make himself walk on, his hands balled into fists, but he wanted tear Tristan’s lover apart and restraining himself was difficult. Despite being a warrior, he had always been a peaceful one amongst them. He’d never killed for fun, unlike some. But now he wanted to kill for… something else.

“Knot me,” Tristan growled the words and before Galahad even realised what he was doing, he stormed through the door, busting the latch with a strength he didn’t know he had.

Tristan looked up from his bed, as Galahad stared at the sight before him. Both frozen in place and eyes locked.

Galahad unballed his fists, his breath catching in his chest and his cock suddenly and almost uncomfortably hard.

“Alpha…” Tristan held out his hand to Galahad and after a moment’s hesitation, Galahad started toward the bed.

He spent the few moments of walking taking everything in. The way Tristan lay on his back with his legs spread open. The oil slicked cock of polished wood that he gripped tightly at one end, the other end inside him. Evidently the lover that Galahad had been so jealous of.

Jealous?

“Tristan…” Galahad breathed his name as he got to the bed and was halted. Galahad couldn’t help but let his eyes fall upon Tristan’s straining and beautiful cock.

Tristan had raised a foot and pressed it against Galahad’s chest.

“Take off your clothes Pup,” Tristan commanded in the same way he did when they were in training. And just like those times, Galahad wasn’t about to counter orders.

Tristan’s foot dropped as he stepped back and began to pull his clothes off, dropping them all heavily to the floor. Tristan’s gaze over him didn’t go unnoticed and Galahad blushed in response. He was in as good a shape as any of them, though the smallest of them all in stature.

Galahad certainly didn’t miss the way Tristan’s gaze finally landed on his dick. He was hard and leaking, twitching under the scrutiny. He was a good size for a beta, though he’d never had chance to see how others might enjoy his girth.

Galahad The Pure. The thought grated for a moment.

Galahad moved slowly back towards the bed, this time not stopped as he climbed on and crawled over Tristan. He stopped on his hands and knees above the man as he awaited further instructions.

Tristan pulled him down and for a moment Galahad thought the man was going to kiss him, his hard cock already pushing against Galahad’s thigh. But instead he moved his mouth to Galahad’s ear and rumbled low words.

“Have you ever serviced an omega in heat, Pup?”

Galahad felt a shiver run all over his body and his cock throb, already sure he knew where this was going, but scarcely able to believe it. It wasn’t as though he was so naive as to not understand how some liked to play this way. He’d heard many tales about the Woads. But this wasn’t the same as casually knowing such a thing occurred amongst others.

“N-no…” He stuttered, shaking as Tristhad’s hands came up and stroked down his arms.

“Will you help me alpha?” Tristan growled, his lips snarling enough for Galahad to think the man wanted to devour him. “I’ve wanted your knot for a long time.” Tristan continued in a near whisper, his eyes locked to Galahad’s.

Galahad whimpered, his cock throbbing and leaking over Tristan’s stomach.

He couldn’t deny that perhaps some of their tension over the years had not been entirely pure, but for Tristan to be begging for a knot he didn’t have, he knew it must have taken some trust. For Tristan to want to be treated as an omega, by him specifically, it was mind blowing. And made Galahad all the harder.

“I’ve got you,” Galahad spoke through a dry throat and leaned down to nuzzle at Tristan’s neck, over the barely there scent glands that were only really prominent in alphas and omegas but were often still erogenous for betas.

Tristan made a noise that was something between a grunt and a groan, and Galahad felt the man’s cock flex against him.

“You want my knot?” Galahad asked, his heart pounding as he tried to get into this unexpected role play.

“Yes alpha…” Tristan groaned and ground up against him.

Galahad swallowed and tried to keep his hand from shaking as he reached between them and took hold of the wooden knot and slowly began to pull the didlo out of Tristan.

Tristan moaned and writhed and Galahad couldn’t resist pushing it back in a couple of times, feeling how open he had already fucked himself. The knot at the end could almost slip inside him too.

“Galahad…” Tristan moaned, breathlessly.

And that was when Galahad kissed him.

A kiss he hadn’t realised until that moment, he had wanted for years. Tristan opened to him immediately and his hunger was evident, his hands coming up into Galahad’s curls and holding him in place as he moved his tongue against Galahad’s.

Galahad was shaking as he pulled out the dildo and pushed two fingers into Tristan, swallowing his groan. He was slick with oil, and Galahad, inexperienced as he was, had no idea if that was enough. He’d played with himself a few times, but how to gauge someone else’s needs was beyond him.

Perhaps Tristan read his hesitation, because he gripped Galahad’s hair and pulled him back enough to part them and growl, “On the table.”

Galahad turned his head to look at the table next to the bed, seeing a small oil flask and nodding. Tristan let his hands fall from Galahad’s hair as he sat back and reached over. He moved between Tristan’s hips and, as he took hold of the oil and slicked his cock, Tristan stroked his own.

It was one of the most beautiful things Galahad had ever seen, not just the rather tantalising way that Tristan slid his foreskin up and down over his glans, but also the blissed out look on his face. There was a satisfaction there that spoke of something more.

“You’ve wanted this for a while,” Galahad commented, somewhat awestruck.

Tristan looked at him, slowing but not stopping his strokes.

“An alpha?”

“Me,” Galahad replied and clenched his jaw.

Tristan stopped stroking and looked at him intently.

“I’ve been with alphas and betas, the occasional omega. Enough to know what I like. What I enjoy. But also to know that none of them were the person I wanted.”

Galahad let out a shuddering breath. He thought about every time he had turned someone down, how everyone joked about him being Galahad The Pure, and how much he’d appreciated Arthur ensuring the Romans kept their distance, for the most part.

There had always been the same reason that he had remained pure, always there at the back of his mind. Something that he didn’t want to admit or explore because it was pointless and might be needlessly painful. He didn’t want to go into every battle knowing that he wasn’t wanted, so he never acknowledged the fact that he had been in love with Tristan since the first time the man had called him Pup.

The internal admission hit him hard enough to make him whine.

“You wanted me?” Galahad needed the clarification for his own sake. His cock torn between flagging and throbbing.

“Yes I want you. I’ve wanted you for a very, very long time.” Tristan growled, his hands moving to Galahad’s hips.

“I’m not an alpha, you want an alpha…” Galahad started.

“I am aware,” Tristan grunted back in that annoyed way he had. “I want a great many things, none as much as I want you. Tonight I want you to be my alpha, maybe another night I might want you to be my omega. And I’m sure many nights I’ll want us to be just as we are. I want you.”

Tristan’s words were stern, which was about as passionate as he’d seen the man outside of being covered in blood. But then there was a slight hesitation before he added, “If you are comfortable with that. And if you want me.”

Galahad let out a trembling breath, his cock now resuming its total interest in the situation as he nodded.

“I’m… not experienced. I’ve never… but I want you. However you want me.” Galahad huffed the words out on a nervous breath.

Tristan smiled gently, and reached up to stroke his curls back from his face.

“I want you to knot me, Pup.”

Galahad shuddered and swallowed, his cock throbbing as he leaned down and kissed Tristan again.

Tristan’s legs were spread beneath him and it took little to move back and press his oiled cock against his entrance. Galahad took a breath before beginning to push in, savouring Tristan’s groan as he did so.

It took a few slow thrusts before he was buried to the hilt, and at each one he was sure he might come. He’d had no idea what this could feel like, the warm, wet, tightness nothing like using his hand.

Galahad whimpered into the kiss and Tristan pulled away, moving instead to nuzzle at Galahad’s neck as though to reassure him.

“You’re so beautiful, Pup. I’ve wanted you since the day you grew to be a man,” Tristan growled against his flesh as Galahad began to slowly pull back and push back in, tentative and inexperienced. “The day I looked at you and realised you were more than a precocious child, you were strong and capable. We would fight as brothers, but I wanted you in my arms. In my bed, after every battle.”

Galahad whimpered at the words that connected with his own set aside desires. How many battles they had been in together and come home bloodied and bruised and alone? All these years they could have given each other comfort and love.

Galahad let out a choked sound, and Tristan hushed him.

“We have each other now, Pup.”

Galahad moved back enough to look in his eyes and nod, before resting his forehead against Tristan’s and letting his hips move faster, pushing deeper.

“Do you want me to claim you, omega?” Galahad asked, his chest expanding with a bravado he only half felt.

Tristan shuddered beneath him.

“Yes,” He growled, arching up against Galahad’s cock.

They started to build a new rhythm, slamming against each other until Galahad was as deep as he could go.

He winced at the sensation, sensitive and close to coming.

He swallowed and braced himself, continuing to pound into Tristan as he nuzzled against his neck and then bit down over his vestigial scent gland. Enough to draw a little blood.

Tristan moaned, his whole body convulsing as he muttered, “Close, I’m close… Knot me.”

Galahad pulled his mouth away from Tristan’s flesh, tasting the blood on his tongue.

“I don’t… what-” Galahad started, heat rising in his cheeks at the embarrassment of having to ask and the concern he might disappoint his new lover.

Galahad slowed his movements and Tristan’s breathy pants decreased at the same pace as his climax retreated.

“Press… two fingers, under you cock. Wrap them around. Not a whole fist, just two fingers around. Push yourself in…” The words came out laboured as Tristan continued to rock himself against Galahad.

Galahad was nodding and doing as instructed as Tristan spoke, gripping Tristan’s hip with his left hand and positioning his right in such away that two fingers and his thumb were curled around his cock, just above his balls, which were cupped by his remaining fingers.

He could feel his cock practically pulsing in his hand, feeling those tell tale signs of his own oncoming orgasm.

“I’m going to come inside you and fill you up,” Galahad growled the words and Tristan’s cock bobbed. The man groaned and took himself in hand, gripping his cock as though fighting back his climax.

Galahad pushed forward, feeling Tristan’s slick rim against his fingers. He’d already had the wooden knot inside him, but he was still tight enough that it wouldn’t be effortless. Galahad gripped his hip tighter as he pushed his hips forward, feeling Tristan’s hole give as he relaxed into the wider penetration.

“Ohunfff, knot me.” Tristan whimpered, “alpha.”

Galahad took a breath and pushed all the way in, his cock going as deep as possible as his fingers slipped inside and Tristan clenched around them.

“Oh gods, so good,” Tristan whined, his body shaking as he stroked his cock thrice and began to come all over his stomach and chest.

The resultant tightening of Tristan around his cock and fingers was enough to have Galahad spilling inside him. He moaned and his hips stuttered as he pumped a few last times, spurting all the more on each.

He collapsed as far over Tristan as this position, his fingers still inside him, would allow. Resulting in his face pressing against the come on Tristan’s chest. Tristan’s arms came up around him and he held Galahad close as they both continued to shudder a little through the aftershocks and then still into blissed out exhaustion.

After a few minutes Galahad's hand started to cramp and he pulled his fingers free, his softening cock still mostly inside Tristan, who moaned and clenched around it as though not ready for Galahad to pull out completely.

Galahad winced at the oversensitivity it caused and then nuzzled into Tristan's chest hair, ending up with more come on his face, in his beard.

"I hadn't expected this…" Galahad said, stroking his fingers over the bitemark he'd left on Tristan's neck.

"Nor I. I had only hoped…" Tristan's words came out in a soft growl. "And I hope now that you'll let me give you a matching one of these," Tristan said, moving his own fingers to Galahad's neck, making his shiver.

"Yes alpha… Yes please…" Galahad replied, replied softly.

Tristan huffed a chuckle and pulled Galahad up to him, taking his mouth in another, deep kiss that spoke of many years of time lost.

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